

Children's Newspaper

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Free with this week's Children's Pictorial

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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A BOY'S RIDE INTO CIVILISATION

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Seven

THE MAN WHO FOUND SCOTT

A HEROIC SCIENTIST

Why the Great White South is
Shrinking More and More

A LITTLE MYSTERY OF THE POLES

We have but recently celebrated the 23th anniversary of Captain Scott's arrival at the South Pole and his return north on that journey which was to end in the death of himself and that of his four companions.

On the night following the anniversary, the Royal Geographical Society heard a highly technical lecture on the Great Ice Barrier of the Antarctic by Mr. C. S. Wright. From the report of the discourse no one would dream that the lecturer was one of the heroes of the tragic adventure.

Bitter Disappointment

Let us peep at Scott's diary of the great march South. The second supporting party is being sent back after the exhausting haul of the sledges up the Beardmore Glacier. Here is what Scott wrote at this time:

All are disappointed—poor Wright rather bitterly, I fear. I dreaded the necessity of choosing, nothing could be more heart-rending. We said an affecting farewell to the returning party, who have taken things very well, dear, good fellows as they are.

Wright, who was so cut up at not going on to the Pole with his chief, was the first to see him when all was over. After the conquest of the Pole and the march back to doom, the dead bodies of Scott and his comrades lay for a winter in their silent abode.

With the earliest peep of spring a search party marched south from the base, and it was Wright who entered the tent of death to find the bodies of Scott, Wilson, and Bowers there, embalmed, imperishable, with their diaries and their collection of geological treasures round about them.

The Great Ice Barrier

It was the same quiet, gallant gentleman, who, appearing in his rôle of physicist, lectured the other night on the Great Ice Barrier. How terrible is that ice he made us realise from his figures of its dimensions.

Filling the southern end of the Ross Sea, it has a width of 400 miles from Cape Crozier on the west to Framheim on the east; it stretches 400 miles from the Beardmore Glacier to the floating seaward wall, and has a height up to 160 feet above sea-level.

Yet it is slowly shrinking. It has been shrinking since records were first made a century ago.

In a book Mr. Wright wrote with Mr. Raymond Priestley, Scott's geologist, he came to the conclusion that the ice of the South Polar area has been decreasing

A Remarkable Draught of Fishes



This striking photograph shows the remarkable draught of fishes lately taken in the English Channel. The water seemed alive with sprats, and the nets were so full that they were hauled in with difficulty. Here we see the fishermen shaking out their nets at Deal

since about 25,000 years before Christ, and, dealing with this great period of 27,000 years since the lessening of the Antarctic ice began, Mr. Wright maintains that the South Polar regions have much oftener and for much longer periods been swayed by a warm sunny climate than by the frigid conditions which now exist.

It is obvious that Mr. Wright would like to return to the scene of his thrilling experiences, and all the Polar men would. He wishes to have this ice question studied over periods of years. Why should the ice decrease there when the conditions continue unbearably cold?

Captain Scott made an astonishing suggestion on the subject, which other authorities adopt. It was this, that the increasing cold of the Antarctic regions has led to lessened snowfall. Glaciers are formed from snow, pressed down and hardened age after age. Glaciers give birth to icebergs. The wall of ice along the coast, while the parent of the bergs, is the offspring of the snow. Therefore, if less snow is received there must necessarily be less ice.

Such are the questions engaging the minds of our Polar explorers; such are the problems which yet draw, like a magnet, back towards the Pole, this quiet scholar who found Scott sleeping in his tent.

OIL FOR 2000 YEARS' Australia's Big Resources

Australia is reviewing her fuel resources, and according to Professor David her known reserves of coal amount to 35 million tons, which should yield two gallons of light oil, suitable for motor driving, for every ton—enough to keep the Commonwealth supplied at the present rate for 2000 years.

Of course the present rate of consumption is likely to increase, but so also are Australia's known coal reserves. Even in England new coal seams are discovered from time to time, and the vast inland wastes of Australia must hide huge possibilities in this direction.

Moreover, in the near neighbourhood, in the island of Papua or New Guinea, big reserves of mineral oil are suspected.

A TIGER LEAPS SCENE IN AN INDIAN JUNGLE

Forest Officer Rescued from
the Tiger's Teeth

MAN WHO BEAT THE CREATURE OFF

There is a proud and happy Gond out in India. The Gonds are an aboriginal tribe of the Central Provinces.

The hero of our story is an orderly who works for Mr. H. S. George, Indian Forest Officer in the Chanda district.

One evening, not long ago, they were returning through the jungle when suddenly a tiger sprang from nowhere on to Mr. George's back. Seizing him by the neck, the brute carried him off about a dozen yards.

The orderly, who was carrying Mr. George's gun, tried to fire, but the catch was at safety, and the man did not understand how it worked. So he ran after the tiger, beating it with the stock of the gun. The creature was a well-known man-eater who had terrorised the district, and it was likely to turn and slay the Gond. But perhaps it was amazed into panic, for it finally dropped the white man and ran off.

Followed by the Tiger

Mr. George said afterwards that he had simply felt the weight of the tiger, and then lost consciousness. He came to his senses to find himself lying in a pool of blood, with his orderly bending over him, begging him to escape.

With the Gond's help Mr. George managed to walk to camp. Soon after they started on the two-mile walk they found the tiger following them! Mr. George was terribly mauled about the neck, the jugular vein only just escaping, and one of the tiger's teeth had grazed his spine. He had no strength to fight the monster, but his orderly kept it at bay till they reached safety.

Mr. George has made a good recovery in hospital, and the courageous orderly has been granted a piece of land as a reward. There is only one regrettable thing to say of the incident: the tiger was still at large when news last came from Chanda, and has killed an Indian close to the place where he made his attack on Mr. George.

CANDLE AUCTION

Flame Governs the Fall of the
Hammer

A curious method of letting land for grazing is observed in the Lincolnshire village of Old Bolingbroke.

When the flame of a lighted candle reaches a pin, stuck into the wax, the auctioneer lets fall the hammer, and the bidder at the time gets the "lot."

This year the lucky bidder was the existing tenant, who got the land for a little over half the price he had paid annually for the last five years.

HOW OLD ARE WE? MAN'S AGE UPON THE EARTH

New Light for Today from the
Dark Continent of Yesterday
OUR FRIEND THE BUSHMAN

Sir Arthur Keith, perhaps the greatest living authority on the physical history of man, has been talking about the effect of new knowledge on our ideas of the age of Man on the Earth.

Dr. Keith has been hitherto regarding modern man as from 400,000 to 500,000 years old, but he has modified his views. Until the last ten years all the great finds of ancient human remains had been made in Europe. Since then Africa has come into the story, to yield us aged relics of bygone man, and also to show us, living today in the pigmy Bushmen, the sort of human beings who were the predominant type in Europe's Ice Age.

They are like the Ice Age men in the structure of their heads and brains, and also in their arts, and as they have changed so little, Sir Arthur thinks that 200,000 years or thereabouts may be nearer the age of human beings as we know them. The Bushmen are living fossils, human relics of the past.

European Negroes

It is odd that light on this great question should come to us from what was not very long ago called the Dark Continent, but research in Africa seems to have cleared up a point which has long puzzled many of us. There are clear traces of a Negro type as the ruling class of people in Europe at one time, a very startling thought. But Sir Arthur says that if we trace the modern Negro back he becomes less and less negroid till we reach a stage where it is clear that there were human beings who were the common ancestors of white men and Negroes alike.

Many of us at Wembley noted with wonder and delight the work of the little Bushmen in the African section, the carvings on rock of modern African animals. The work was marvellously like work found in the old caves of Europe.

Now these works show us that ages and ages ago men were thinkers and artists; dwelling among wild beasts, and among men and women almost as wild. They could not write, but they could inscribe, they could carve and they could paint, and so they left a message for posterity of what they were seeing, what they were doing.

The Horse 50,000 Years Ago

We know from their drawings that they lived among animals now extinct. They left representations of themselves, of wolves, hyenas, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, reindeer. And, though we cannot find a trace of the horse in the East earlier than 2500 years ago, we know from these ancient cave-men that the rough and savage white men of Europe were masters of the horse 50,000 years ago.

How can we be sure of that romantic fact? Geologists and other men of science have fixed the date; and the pictures speak for themselves. For not only are there the representations of horses, but the horses wear halters and other head harness with man-made ornaments upon them!

Modern man may be only 200,000 years old or a million; we do not know. But we know he has done great wonders in his time, even in his very early days.

Do You Know How We Got the Union Jack?

We wish to remind our readers today of the coloured folder given away with this week's Children's Pictorial showing how we got the Union Jack. It is a particularly useful chart for all who love our flag.

TWO YEARS A QUEEN AND SIXTY YEARS DETHRONED

Memory of the Days when
United Italy was Born
A NOBLE WOMAN

There has just died at Munich, after 65 years of exile, the widow of the last King of Naples, son of an iniquitous king whose barbarities were denounced by Mr. Gladstone when Young Italy was struggling for freedom.

Had Queen Maria Sophia reached the throne of the Two Sicilies sooner the course of Italian history might have been very different.

Married in January, 1859, when only 17, she and her husband succeeded four months later. King Victor Emmanuel II. was marching to the conquest of Northern Italy from Austria, and had invited the King of Naples to join him.

On the advice of his father's Ministers the new King refused, but at his wife's entreaty he did reverse the old King's policy of repression and granted his people a Parliament. Had this step been taken sooner it must have brought him to the side of liberty.

But it was too late. His people were already in revolt. Garibaldi had landed in Sicily, which rose to a man in his support. He crossed to the mainland, and the King and Queen retreated before him. There they were besieged for three months while their people voted themselves into United Italy.

A Place in History

It was those three months which gave Queen Maria Sophia her place among the heroines of history. She "made the rounds of the fortifications day by day, exposed to the fire of the enemy, nursing the wounded, giving up to the sick the small luxuries reserved for herself," and so winning the admiration of friend and foe alike.

Then came 65 years of retirement, 30 of them in widowhood. She lived to see a yet bigger toppling of thrones than that of 1860, her own Royal House of Bavaria among them.

One doubts whether she would have found Naples a happier place than Munich had she remained there. She loved walking, riding, swimming, yet in Naples it was considered improper for a lady to leave her home except in a carriage, while "art, music, and literature, the delights of her youth, were banned as beneath the notice of her new associates." Perhaps exile was not so great a misfortune after all!

CREEPING MOUNTAIN

Hearing the Stones Crack
EXCITING TIMES IN A WELSH
VILLAGE

The moving mountain at Troedriwfuch, in Glamorganshire, is causing the inhabitants endless annoyance and considerable alarm, for it is slowly but surely pushing the village into the valley.

The movement has been going on for years, but during the last few months the pressure of the mountain has become much more pronounced, so that roads have subsided and the cracks in walls and houses have grown bigger. Not long ago the mains carrying the water supply for 120,000 people were broken, the Rhymney Railway being also badly damaged. On the mountain-top itself cracks 80 yards long and 12 feet wide have formed, into which many sheep have fallen and been lost.

Nearly all the houses in the village show signs of damage from the never-ceasing pressure.

The people declare that at night the movement of the mountain can be heard, and that when everything is still they listen to the stones cracking.

THEY BURIED HIM DARKLY

What Happened the Day
After Sir John Moore Died
A THRILLING MEMORY REACHES
HIS MUSEUM

On that night so long ago when Sir John Moore was killed after winning the Battle of Corunna, they

... buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with their bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

And they did something else on that dark night; to save the guns from falling into the enemy's hands, the British officers threw them into the sea.

They lay there nearly 100 years, and then some Corunna fishermen noticed that their nets frequently became entangled at a certain spot outside the port. They tried many times to find out the cause, and one day an unusually strong tide helped them to get out what proved to be a gun. It was sold as brass to a metal dealer, who kept it.

About 12 years ago the British Vice-Consul at Corunna bought it, and it has now been brought to England. It bears the date 1804, and it is one of the guns Sir John Moore used in Spain.

His memory is kept green in our minds by Charles Wolfe's fine poem on his burial—"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note." It was the day after his death that the gun was thrown into the sea, and today the gun, after its long and thrilling history, rests in the Sir John Moore Library at Shorncliffe.

The Bran Tub

One of the most popular pages in any paper will be the Bran Tub page in the Children's Pictorial.

Arthur Mee has made it, and it is going to be a bran tub well worth dipping into, full of surprising and entertaining things. We do not think anybody, however simple or wise, will be able to turn to it without finding something to interest or inform him.

And the beauty of it is that it will become much more than a bran tub. It has hidden in it all sorts of prizes, but it has in it, also, the possibility of giving joy to a multitude of lonely little people.

We have rarely seen a jollier collection of queer and puzzling and surprising and useful and humorous things than page 8 of this week's C.P. All C.N. children will love it.

BAD MANNERS

Dean Who Does Not Like Them

The Dean of Manchester thinks one of the most important of the things to be learned at school is good manners, and he has been giving the scholars of the Manchester High School for Girls some instances of what he thinks bad manners among people who believe themselves well behaved.

He thinks a young girl should be just as ready as boys to give up their seats in a tramcar to elderly people. He thinks young women should not use their silly powder-puffs in public. But the thing that seems to annoy the Dean most of all is the vulgarity of talking loudly in public places.

"It is not good manners," says the Dean, "to talk in hotels, railway carriages, tramcars and other public places so loudly as to draw the attention of those not concerned and to prevent others from enjoying their own conversation or reading."

It is astonishing how common such bad manners are, and we are glad to see the dean's protest.

MAKING A FIRE WITHOUT A MATCH

HOW A FAMOUS
NATURALIST DID IT
The Old Ways of Ancient Men
Copied in a London Room

WOOD MAGIC

A correspondent of the C.N. has been watching a famous man make fire as man used to make it ages since, without a match. This is what he writes about it.

"If there be no witch present we shall get the flame." So spoke the man with the fire-drill.

Even so great a magician as Mr. Thompson Seton took the precaution, half jokingly perhaps, to leave a loophole of escape in case his attempt should fail at first. But there was little need to fear, for probably no living man, white, brown, or black, has kindled so many fires by rubbing-sticks as this famous naturalist.

Working the Spell

Mr. Seton was closely watched by his audience. Seated around him in a big circle, Indian fashion, they saw him adjust the drill in the thong of the buckskin bow, carefully holding firmly with one foot the wooden chip on which presently would glow the precious spark, then bending to the task, left hand pressing the drill into the fire-hole, right hand first gently and slowly, then more and more rapidly, drawing the bow backwards and forwards, causing the drill to turn at a high speed first in one direction and then the other.

Breathlessly the audience watch, they hear the scraping sound as the drill grinds out a little pile of brown sawdust; they see the deft hands of the modern fire-maker as he works the magic spell; and even as they watch they see a thin, blue wisp of smoke, then more smoke; then they are aware of a distinct smell of burning as the fire-maker, drawing his bow to and fro still more rapidly, still bends over his work.

The Mouse's Nest

Suddenly the drilling stops. Is it done? Where is the promised flame? Can it be that a witch is present? But no! Watch! The fire-maker now takes up the chip he has been holding so steadily and so carefully with his foot directly below the point of the drill; and on the chip is a smoking little heap of black ashes, ground out by the drill, and in the centre of the black ashes glows a tiny spark. Holding the chip level with his face, he fans it gently with one hand. The spark glows still brighter. At the identical moment, with his free hand the magician takes from his bag of mysteries what he calls "a mouse's nest," a little dry wood shaving, very fine and thin and dry.

The Flame Appears

The spark is now large enough to bear the human breath. Gently Mr. Seton blows upon the spark of glowing ash, touching it with the "mouse's nest," and all at once the flame appears!

Quickly Mr. Seton lights the torch which he had prepared in readiness, and from the torch he lights the four candles that stand waiting upon the mystic cloth in the centre of the circle. So the fire came and now burned steadily from the central torch and the four clear candle flames.

Thus in London a large roomful of boys and girls and men and women saw the same "wood magic" wrought which our ancestors knew of old before the days of matches, tinderboxes, and sparks from flints and steel.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Cairo	KI-ro
Denarius	De-na-re-us
Nola	No-lah
Paulinus	Paw-le-nus
Reinhardt	Ryn-hart

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A BOAT RACE MAN'S SCHOOL

THE WONDERFUL BOYS OF KASHMIR

What the Viceroy of India
Saw Them Do

SINKING THEIR CANOE

The jolliest headmaster I have ever met, writes a C.N. correspondent, is the Rev. Tyndale Biscoe, Head of the Boys' High School at Srinagar, Kashmir. He has just reached England for a short furlough, and, as promised in the C.N. last September, when some details of the school were given, he has given us some later information.

"Just before I left Kashmir we had a visit from Lord Reading, the Viceroy of India," he said. "As he passed the school in his motor launch we prepared a big pictorial welcome for him. The letters of the word Welcome were cut out of long sheets of canvas, stretched in front of the school, and every vacant inch was filled with the healthy faces and orange and red pugarees of as many of the boys as could get into the spaces available. As there was a danger that in the excitement some of the boys of this Living Welcome might fall into the lake 50 feet below, their safety was secured with ropes."

Five Minutes' Work

Into an hour of the Viceroy's life was crowded not only drill and gymnastics by the big boys and small boys (some of the drill being actually topsy-turvy, done by boys standing on their heads), but there was also a display of their prowess on the water. They paddled their boats with paddles and with hands. They moved them along merely by rhythmically swinging their bodies backwards and forwards, and finally, at the sound of a whistle, some of the crew of each boat moved to the prow so that she began to fill with water. Rapidly the canoe sank, whereupon the crew dived for her, tipped her on her side when she came to the surface, and clambered back to their position; and this was done in five minutes!

Lord Reading seemed for the moment quite alarmed when the boats sank, but he learned more about the feats of the boys on the water when he came to talk to 13 of them who in the past year have saved 15 lives. One was a Tibetan, who rescued a boy who had come all the way from Persia to the school.

Last September we read in the C.N. how Janki Nath in 1923 won the prize for the kindest deed. In 1924 this prize for the kindest deed was won by a little hunchback boy, who, finding one of the fierce pariah dogs in the bazaar choking with a bone, thrust his hand down the dog's throat and pulled the bone out!

Safety First

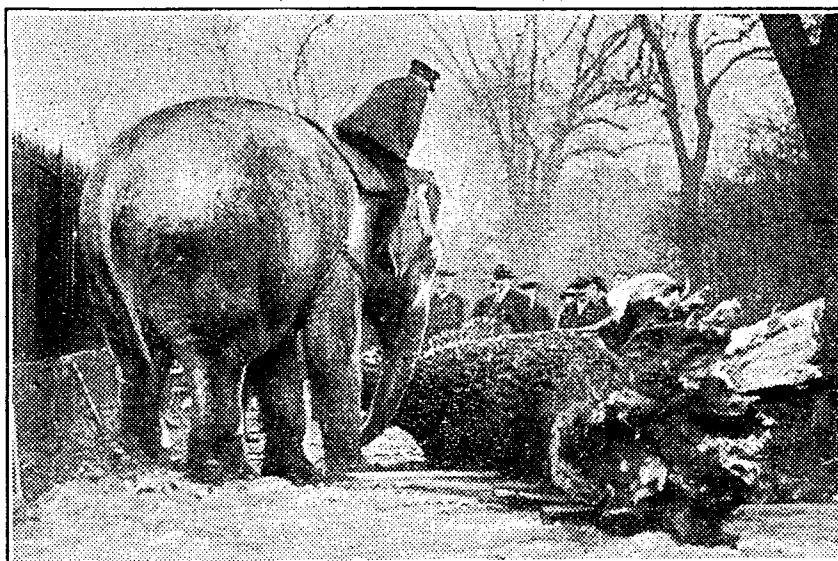
Talking of the way the boys jump from the school windows into the lake (as was shown in a model of the school at Wembley), Mr. Biscoe said he found one precaution was necessary, for two accidents had been caused by a diver colliding with a boy already in the water. Every boy when he dives now must wear a hat with a piece of string attached to it. The "hat-buoy," floating on the water, indicates that there is another sort of boy underneath, and divers are careful to avoid collisions.

Mr. Biscoe's interest in water sports did not begin with his arrival in Kashmir 30 years ago, for if you can find a photograph of the Cambridge crew which won the Boat Race in 1884 you will see Mr. Biscoe there, as the cox.

A PROTEST FROM LAKE MICHIGAN

Chicago takes 10,000 cubic feet of water a second from Lake Michigan, and a protest is being made that navigation is endangered through the lowering of the surface of the lake.

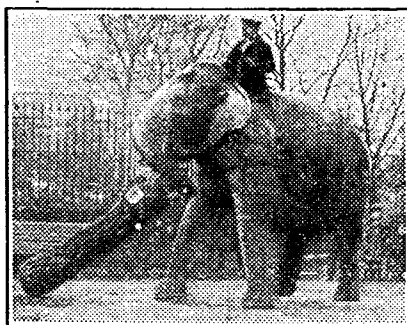
THE ELEPHANT HELPS THE ZOO



Indiarana rolls a four-ton tree towards the lifting tackle



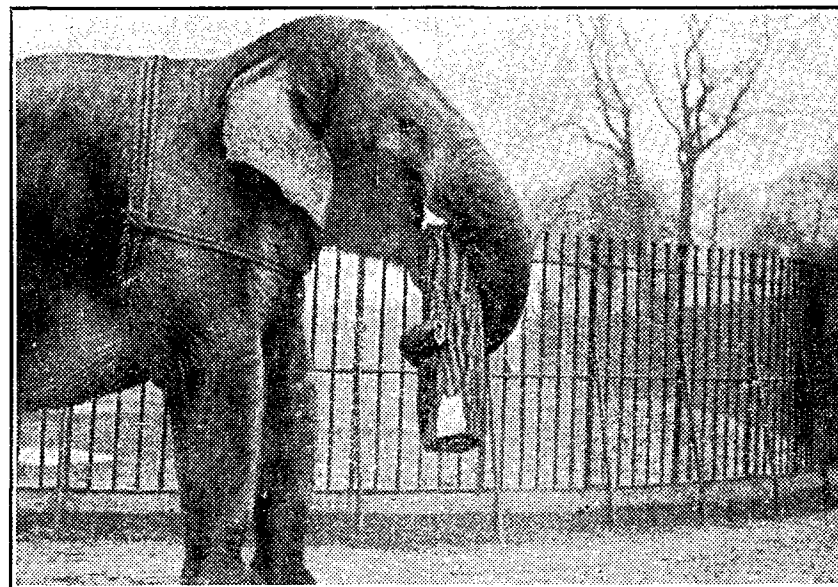
Raising a big section of the timber



Getting a log into position



Turning a log round



Carrying a piece of the tree weighing several hundredweights

When some trees were recently felled at the London Zoo one of them came down in a spot where the lifting tackle could not be erected, and someone thought of the bright idea of calling in the help of Indiarana, the elephant who used to haul timber in India. She had not forgotten her cunning and quickly moved the fallen tree and a number of other heavy logs, as shown in these pictures

A STUPENDOUS PIECE OF WORK

Bigger Engineering Feat
than Panama

MILES OF NEW LAKES AND TUNNELS

A wonderful engineering project, one of the biggest in the world, is being carried out in the Sierra Nevada mountains by the Southern California Edison Company. It is the construction of a new water-power plant so colossal that it represents more work than the building of the Panama Canal.

Although the work is in full swing, the earliest date at which it can be completed is 1935, when power for six million people will be produced from the waterfalls of central and southern California; and Los Angeles, the home of the cinematograph picture, will be lighted from the same source.

Most of this wonderful work is being carried on among mountains quite outside the pale of civilisation, in rocky country where special engines have had to be made to overcome the steep gradients. These immensely powerful locomotives are known as "galloping geese," and have terrific pulling power.

Saving the Waste Waters

The engineers and their staffs are distributed over a wide area, and during the winter months can only communicate with each other by dog sleighs. Different lakes are being connected by 86 miles of subterranean tunnels, mountain meadows are being converted into huge lakes by means of enormous dams, and the vast power of waters which till now have run to waste is being concentrated so as to generate hundreds of thousands of horse-power.

Six years will be spent in digging a subterranean tunnel thirteen miles long which will connect the Huntington and Florence lakes; 1000 cubic feet of water a second will race through this tunnel.

It is the biggest effort yet made to harness the power of the mountain lakes, and will when complete represent the energy of millions of tons of coal.

SARGASSO SEA SECRETS

Ship Sets Sail to Seek
Them Out

Adventurous hearts beat more quickly at the mention of the Sargasso Sea, the strange mass of seaweed nearly as big as Europe, for which an American ship has just set sail on a journey of exploration.

The ship is called the Arcturus, and Professor William Beebe, who is in charge, hopes to win many a grisly and romantic secret from that vast, impenetrable bank of weeds in mid-Atlantic which baffled the imagination of Christopher Columbus.

Here are the hulks of many a good ship, driven to an uneasy grave after the fury of fierce storms was spent. Here, they say, in unplumbed depths, lurk horrible monsters of colossal size, giant squids as big as ships. Here, where he finds the greatest thickness of the swaying fields of vegetation, Professor Beebe will make fast to a buoy in two miles' depth of water, and send his divers down among the funny inhabitants of the mysterious ocean.

The Arcturus is a remarkable vessel. She has a passage-way right round her hull, and a movable bowsprit which can be lowered to within a few feet of the water for netting and harpooning. Besides her diving-platforms she carries drag-nets, trawls, dredges, and all imaginable kinds of apparatus for securing the wonderful specimens Professor Beebe hopes to add to the collections of American zoology.

THE TIGER'S SENTRY

LIVING WONDERS IN A PARK

Thoughts on Seeing Peacocks
by a Frozen Lake
DRINKING AT THE ICE-HOLE

By Our Natural Historian

It was a bitter day in a London park, beside a frozen lake. The water birds were showing that even among birds of the same species, bred in similar conditions, fed upon the same food, nurtured by the same hands, there is that varying intelligence which, in the wilds, determines which bird shall found a family.

Between the open water far out on the lake and the shore all was ice. Seeing food thrown, a cloud of birds rose from the water and flew towards it. Some dropped as soon as they reached the ice and slid, helpless and ludicrous. Some came twenty or thirty yards over the ice, and skidded to shore.

The Enchanted East

But the three peacocks fascinated us. What did they in such a scene? One looked at them and thought of forest and mountain jungle, of fierce heat; of tigers with blazing eyes, of India and the enchanted East where the ancestors of these birds won the marvel and beauty of their wondrous feathers.

They are the tiger's sentries at home. Where wild peacocks are there is sure to be a tiger. It is another example of those strange partnerships in Nature, like that of the zizac and the crocodile; the buffalo and the oxpecker; the bee-eater and the savage man of Africa.

We may suppose that the extraordinary vigilance of the peacock has a double value to the tiger. The birds with their alert alarm notes signal both danger and advantage to the animal. It bids him beware, and it bids him nerve himself for a struggle which, in the event of his victory, will end in a tiger sitting down to dinner.

Looking for Water

But there were no tigers here, only sparrows, ducks, and geese, with swans on the horizon; and ice, which India cannot teach a peacock to understand, making solid the surface of the lake from which the birds would drink.

And they did drink. One of the peacocks scouted anxiously along the margin of the ice till it found a crevice. "Paow!" it cried to its two comrades, then again and again let down its long neck, sipped up water, raised its neck into the shape of a teapot spout, and drank its fill. Presently the others joined it at the ice-hole.

Then the three birds betook themselves to the lee of a boat and squatted like fowls beside it, out of the nipping wind.

An hour later when one who had watched passed that way again, there was a succession of weird chuckling cries from the air, and, scattering the sparrows, the peacocks were on high, flying with great strength to roost. They ascended above the highest trees, then planned down to the site of their choice.

Quarters for the Frosty Night

High up in the bare branches they alighted and took up quarters for the frosty night, and no millionaire was warmer than those three great birds in the air, with their superb covering of feathers.

Is there not wonder in the thought that these creatures of the steaming tropics have been so well acclimatised that they were in glorious feather and condition, perched in peaceful slumber in bare trees overhanging a lake whose surface was rigid with a mail of ice, in a temperature such as no Indian peacock at home has ever confronted?

Men brought the peacocks here, but the peacocks brought their own constitution and adaptability; and they are among our living wonders. B. A. B.

JOHN R. MOTT STREET

Salonica Does a Rare Thing

HONOUR FOR A MAN OF PEACE

The people of Salonica have done a rare honour to a great living American in naming a street John R. Mott Street.

We have all heard of streets named after generals and statesmen. There are some parts of London which show by the names that they were built during the Crimean War or the Boer War. The names of famous generals are over these streets; but the people of Salonica have honoured the leader of the Christian students of the world.

Dr. Mott has travelled through many lands to bring into one great fellowship all the students of the world, in East and West. He is indeed a great statesman and the United States would have made him Ambassador in China if he had been willing to accept this office. But he had given his life to the service of Youth in all lands, and to that service he still gives all his powers.

Salonica is the ancient city at which Paul preached, and to the Christians in that city he wrote two of his letters. In this city also in later days many of our countrymen served during the War when Salonica was a military base.

It is cheering to think that the young people of Salonica will have on their lips the name of a man not of their race, whose work stands not for the things which divide nations, but for peace. We should like to see that wonderful city, and to walk down John R. Mott Street.

SPOILING THE COUNTRY

Sussex Defending the Downs

It is good to know that the Sussex County Council has at last decided to take legal action against landowners who have been disfiguring the beautiful slopes of the South Downs by ugly advertisements.

More than once the people responsible for these objectionable signs have been asked if they will not remove them in the interest of the county and of lovers of beauty; but they have refused all reasonable and conciliatory appeals, and now proceedings are to be taken against them.

It is a pity that there should have to be a legal fight over what should be a simple matter of neighbourly duty and local pride, but it is best to fight, if we must, to save the beauty of the countryside from those who would destroy it.

THE GENIUS OF MAX REINHARDT

German Stages Shakespeare in Vienna

There are few more brilliant interpreters of Shakespeare than Max Reinhardt, the German producer and stage manager who made his name in this country just before the war by his religious spectacle called *The Miracle*.

His productions of Shakespeare at his various theatres in Berlin have been marvels of beauty, especially in lighting, stage effects, and the colour and pictorial fancy of the scenes which the poet's superb imagination created, but which are so often misinterpreted by neglect or over-elaboration.

Now he has promised Vienna a Shakespeare season at the Josefstadter Theatre, and the Austrian capital, where there has always been a public for the best art of every kind, is all agog to see how he will set about his task. Reinhardt builds up his productions on the simplest lines, but carries them out with elegance and rare distinction.

THE END OF A TREE

A huge tree was shipped from Vancouver to the Orient the other day.

It is 45 inches across at the base and 137 feet long, and is to be the mast of an immense Chinese junk.

LOST RAILWAY ENGINE

Tragic Happening in the Fog

A remarkable and tragic incident occurred during a bad fog in London.

So dense was the fog that a railway engine driver had to get down from the footplate to find the way to the engine sheds at Hornsey after the day's work. The fireman never saw him again; he was later found dead on the rails, having been knocked down apparently by another engine.

Hearing from a signaller that an engine was somewhere on the section and must be cleared, Alfred Wheeler, a porter, went in search of it. He felt his way for three-quarters of a mile down the line by holding on to the rails, finally bumping his shoulder against the missing locomotive.

The fireman told him that the driver was missing, and, after seeing the engine to safety, Wheeler searched for him, only to find his body. Wheeler's plucky work has been warmly commended.

A TALE OF THE FOG

By One Who Looked On

Day by day we hear fresh instances of the unfailing cheerfulness and pluck of those gallant men who were blinded in the war. The following incident shows how gallantly they face their disablement, and with what delight, in spite of their affliction, the blind men help others when they can.

A girl who lives in a London suburb has been in the habit of helping a blinded soldier to pass the six-way crossing near the station for which the two are bound each morning on their way to business. The help, given with sympathy and kindness of heart, has always been gladly accepted.

But recently, when the fog covered London, the girl could not find her own way. It was too thick to see more than a yard on either hand, and she was lost. She cried out, "Is anybody near?" and a voice answered her. In a moment the blind officer was at her side.

"Why are you out on a day like this?" asked the girl, as he greeted her on hearing the sound of her voice. "Are you lost?"

The blind man smiled.

"Lost? Not a bit of it. I am finding my way about better than ever. May I take you over?"

And the seeing blind man led the blind seeing girl across the road!

THE MIRAGE OF THE RUBY

Rush for Fortune in Burma

Man is ever deluded by that will-o'-the-wisp, Fortune, and no tale is more eagerly credited than that which tells of precious metals and rare stones hidden in the bowels of the earth.

Just now Burma is suffering from the ruby fever. It has been reported that a new mine has been discovered in the Mogok district, and fortune-seekers from all directions have started for the promised land, despite the lack of reliable information. Many who have been to Mogok have found no rubies at all, but have come back ill and dispirited. Some have even died.

But the man who has the longing for adventure in his bones must see for himself, at whatever risk; and each one who goes to Mogok, like those who went to Klondike, thinks that he must succeed where others have failed.

But every generation has its adventurous spirits, and the world would be the poorer were it not so.

GOOD NEWS FROM PRISON

Men Getting Better

FEWER PRISONERS AND MORE GOOD BEHAVIOUR

It has always been the experience that after a war the number of criminals has shown a great increase.

After the Great War the increase was expected to be very large, yet the increase was small, and has already spent itself. This the Prison Commissioners, in their annual report, put down to "general education, improved housing (even allowing for present difficulties), and the restriction of drinking facilities," as well as to "the steady efforts of prison officials, assisted by a number of devoted voluntary workers, to influence the offender while in prison and re-establish him as an honest citizen on his discharge."

One of the saddest results of unemployment has been the great number of young people who have grown up idle. This has naturally led to crime, but the tendency has been combated by the work done by many boys' and girls' clubs, Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, and similar movements.

Shakespeare and Wireless

The Borstal institutions, of which something was said in the C.N. recently, continue to do good work. The educational work includes the acting of Shakespeare's plays, making wireless sets, and the study of astronomy. The experiment of sending the boys out to municipal technical schools has been a great success.

One has heard a good deal lately of concerts and entertainments at prisons, but it comes as a surprise to learn that there is now no prison which does not have lectures and music. Another change is of immense significance. There is no longer any compulsion to attend chapel in local prisons, yet the average attendance has not diminished and the whole spirit of the services has changed for the better. The attitude of the congregations is more reverent and sincere, we are told, which shows that it is better not to compel men, but to give them power to please themselves.

JULIUS CAESAR'S HOUSE?

Treasure Trove by Lake Nemi

The beautiful Alban Hills near Rome, once a pleasure resort of the Caesars, hold out remarkable prospects for archaeologists.

A few months ago a local tradesman named Morosini, an enthusiastic antiquary, discovered near the Lake of Nemi some ancient walls believed to belong to a temple of Diana. But the Government would not grant funds for the excavations, and as the fields were being cultivated the ruins had to be covered up again.

Morosini, however, was not to be daunted. He began digging again near the edge of the lake, with the result that he has now brought to light the foundations of an imperial villa, the remains of a private theatre, and many statues of remarkable beauty. There is just a possibility that the villa may have been built by Julius Caesar.

Unfortunately, however, the owner of the fields where Morosini's discoveries have been made is a poor man, and sets much store by the bean crops he raises there. Unless some rich man buys the land and continues the search the Government will order the excavations to be closed.

Not only the region around, but the Lake of Nemi itself, is rich in antiquities. It was only last summer that a project was set on foot for raising two splendid galleys of Caligula, which are believed to lie under the waters.

He brought an action against the hotel keeper because he wished to show that innkeepers have a duty to the travelling public which they are legally bound to carry out, and the judge, agreeing with him, awarded him £50 damages.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 7 1925

Too Great for Words

LONDON has been searching for a motto, and cannot find one fit for itself.

That is not because people are too stupid to think of something suitable. It is because London is so vast and various, and means so much in all kinds of true importance, that no single phrase can be found to express its significance. What London represents cannot be gathered into a few words of any language. Perhaps that is the most impressive sign of its greatness.

A French friend of ours is fond of saying that this and that and the other thing is too wonderful for a word, and it is true of London. *London is too great for a word.*

What imperial Rome was at the height of its glory has been put before the mind's eye, as if by a flash, in the phrase *The grandeur that was Rome*. It was other things besides being grand, but its grandeur overpowered all else. There is no such single idea that can express London.

As Shakespeare has been said to be "all mankind's epitome," so London, in a degree unknown elsewhere, is an epitome of all that the human race has been and has done.

Other great capitals make a separate class; London stands alone. Paris has a history almost as ancient. It has long been, and will long be, a centre of civilisation on intellectual, political, artistic, and fashionable lines; but it has never been a centre of power in the variety of forms that converge on London. The world lives on industry, after all, and in industry in its broadest sense Paris has always taken a secondary place.

New York is big in every way that can be put into the figures which delight and express the average American mind. It is huge, and high, and rich, and busy. But it has no age or quality that cannot be rattled off in a row of figures. It needs three centuries of mellowing before it can appeal to the world's heart.

Berlin has always been a kind of upstart capital among Germany's historic towns. Moscow has never travelled more than halfway along the path of civilisation. Vienna is a venerable capital of a local kind, aside from the world's greatest highways. Rome rules only the past.

London in its relation to the whole world, through the British race, in the past and in the present, in ideas, in character, in influence, in business, is the chief nerve-centre of mankind. Her infinite variety is too great for a word, and far too great for the figures that only count material things. She does not need a motto. No word, no phrases can fit her. Let her be London.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Two Villages with Seven Names

SOUTH MIMMS, or South Mymms, or South Mymys, or South Mims has joined the villages that do not know their names. Leigh, Lye, or Lyghe is the only other one we can think of at the moment.

We are all in favour of South Mymys and Lye, but if the matter cannot be settled we suggest that the vicar and the schoolmaster and postmaster of South Mimms, or South Mymms, or South Mymys, or South Mims, should let the vicar and the schoolmaster and the postmaster and the stationmaster of Leigh, or Lye, or Lyghe, put the seven names in a hat and choose the two that are drawn out first.

As one of these villages is as old as Domesday Book, it is surely time it learned to spell its name.

The Post Office Horse

SOMEWHERE a horse is always walking, we read in a clever little article the other day. It was pointing out how a slow-walking horse blocks the traffic in London. Everybody knows it is so—except those whose business it is to speed up our traffic.

The other day one man with a horse was holding up half Kingsway, blocking the traffic as the ugly Griffin blocks it every day at Temple Bar. But what seems most absurd of all is that Post Office mail vans are still drawn slowly through our streets by horses. Perhaps if the Post Office would buy a few more motors we might move about more quickly in town and get our letters more quickly at home.

It Does Move

WE have been reading that one of the first Australian settlers cut off a native's finger to make himself a pipe-stopper.

So that the world does move. There is surely no white man now in any corner of the world who would do that.

Everyone will agree that life has altered immensely since those days, but perhaps everyone would not agree as to whether it has altered chiefly in big or little things.

Perhaps the average man would say that the chief change has been in small matters. There were no tooth-brushes till 1780, and probably they did not become general for long after that. A little over a hundred years ago the Society of Friends issued advice to their members to avoid the use of "those new-fashioned things called umbrellas." One could not imagine modern life without those homely articles.

But lawyers and statesmen would hold that life has changed chiefly in the big things. As late as 1892 one man had 23 votes; at the last election that would have been unthinkable. But perhaps the final fact in their list would be that a woman was burned at the stake no farther back than 1789.

How to Empty the Prisons

IT is rare for a prison to receive a boy or a girl who has been a Boy Scout or a Girl Guide. So say the Prison Commissioners.

It is a wonderful tribute to these great organisations. Our compliments to the Chief Scout. Clearly the way to empty the prisons is to let boys and girls begin life as Scouts and Guides.

Tip-Cat

IN cold weather cut glass often snaps. The same weather usually makes even the owners of cut glass snappy.

HAVE nothing to do with doctors, is the advice of an old man of 104. Evidently he has done them all.

THE youth of today is running to waste. If he had more sense he would run away from it.

AN authority has estimated that there are three million drinkers in

America, and he expects them to decrease rapidly—if they keep on drinking.

A WRITER assures us that one mile will always be one mile. The next will be another one.

FEW seafaring men love the briny. They do not think it worth its salt.

IT is decided not to have portraits of living members in the

House of Commons. Yet we should have thought it just the place for speaking likenesses.

SOMEbody else has been saying that Christianity is a failure. He has evidently not tried it.

A FOREIGNER likes English people, but says he can never get near them. Perhaps they do not like him.

WE often, says a lady, get wrinkles from America. They are probably brought over by a liner.

No Need of It

SIR J. M. BARRIE has refused to have his name blazoned across the sky in electric letters.

He whose name is writ deep in our affections has no need of that.

A Prayer for Our School

O God, whom truly to know is everlasting life, pour down upon our school the abundance of Thy blessing, that all who serve Thee here may set Thy holy will ever before them and do what is well-pleasing in Thy sight.

Grant us thankful hearts for all who have done faithful duty in this place, and enable us so to follow their good examples that this land may be better for our studies, and we ourselves devoutly given to serve Thee in all good works.

The Failure

"TAKE half my bread," said Love. "Each for himself," said Greed.

Which profited the most?

Which was the wise man's creed?

A CEDAR banquet hall,
Sweet minstrelsy above,
Beef, venison, wine, for Greed:
The brook and bread for Love.

YET Love brings joy as well
As water from the rill.
The lees of Greed's red wine
Are thirst and mockery still.

J. B.

A Great Piece of Music

From a fine book written in odd moments by Mr. Strachey, the famous editor of our weekly friend *The Spectator*, we take this description of the emotions aroused by a piece of music. We must all have felt like this at times.

IN an instant one is swept away in what one must not call a storm of emotion—for storm denotes violence, and here was nothing of stress or heat or friction, but only the rolling back of mists and the opening of windows into the empyrean; only what may quiet us in a scene so noble.

All that one had ever thought, or heard, or dreamt, or imagined of the pageantry, of the pomp, of the sensuous emotion of religion, is concentrated and refined into an elixir of sound. The glory of all cathedral chants, of all sweet singing in the choir, of all the space and majesty of architecture, have come together, and all the arts upon which they relied have been fused into one pathetic magnificence.

Poems in Stone

The emotions that crowd in on the mind as one enters from the sunlight into the gloom of the Duomo at Milan, the jewelled glories of St. Mark's, the stone miracle of Amiens, the lucent beauties of the Sainte Chapelle, the vast spaces of St. Peter's, and all the thousand associations of English minsters and cathedrals, are here blended and refined. Interlaced with them are the inspirations that centre in the services of some village church in England with its grey walls set in the greenery of a Somerset or Devon landscape, and where elms and yews bend benign over the swelling graves.

But one wrongs the musician by talking too much of such glories. He goes to the heart as well as travels along the radiant surface. There is plenty of room, too, for the thought of the singing in some humble Welsh or Cornish chapel.

From *The River of Life*, by J. St. Loe Strachey. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Room at the Top

Never mind the crowd, lad,
Or fancy your life won't tell;
The work is the work, for all that,
To him that doeth it well.
Fancy the world a hill, lad;
Look where the millions stop,
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad:
There's plenty of room at the top.

BOLSHEVIK CAESAR TROTSKY'S RISE AND FALL

Big Three of Russia Dethrone Lenin's Lieutenant

HIS AMAZING CAREER

It is only a year since Lenin died, and now Trotsky, his most able lieutenant, has been deposed.

The all-powerful triumvirate, Zinovieff, Kameneff, and Stalin, the directors of the Bolshevik Party, has decreed his fall because he ventures to disagree with them as to the right way to apply the teaching of Lenin.

The step has been expected for a long time. The reason it was not taken sooner was Trotsky's great popularity among the rank and file of the party, especially in the Army. This popularity had first to be undermined. A long campaign of criticism and denunciation was entered upon, and as the triumvirate has control of the Press, while Trotsky only wrote one very expensive book setting forth his views, which was quickly suppressed, and as he has bad health, and no friends in high places, the campaign has prospered and the time has come when it is thought safe to act.

Party Discipline

There seems no likelihood that Trotsky will try to resist the decree, nor is there any sign of a movement in his defence. Party discipline is strong; it is a part of the Bolshevik faith that what the party decrees must be done without question. If things were to go wrong in any way with the party or the Government a demand might arise for his recall to put them right, and might prove irresistible. But that time is not yet. Meanwhile he is undoubtedly ill, and a rest and change will be no hardship. That he has not been deported is a sign, no doubt, that his enemies still fear the people.

Exile would be no new experience for him. As a youth he was expelled from college at Odessa for his part in Communist disorders, and soon after he was deported to Siberia. He managed to escape, however, and so began his long exile in various European capitals, where he wrote and worked with Lenin for the Communist gospel.

The Collapse of Tsardom

Then, at the time of the 1905 revolution, the herald of the establishment of the Russian Parliament by the Tsar, he was back in Russia, was again deported to Siberia, and again escaped. Only when the Great War brought the collapse of Tsardom did his second exile end. Even then he suffered imprisonment in France, in Spain, and in England, before he could get home.

On the fall of Kerensky he became second man in Russia as the lieutenant of Lenin. His genius for organisation was shown in his reorganisation of the Army. More marvellous still was his organisation of the army of industry by which the whole system of production was controlled.

Will He Come Back?

His is an amazing career. The man who all his life was harried by the Government of the Tsar came to be the chief agent of a Government as relentless, as powerful, as much feared and hated as any Tsar's, and yet he was the idol of the vast armies of soldiers and workers through whom he ruled. Now comes this last turn of Fortune's wheel, the sudden fall at the hands of his old friends.

Is it a final fall, or will he yet turn the tables on the men who have so patiently plotted against him and brought him down? We shall see.

JAPANESE CHILDREN THANK THE WORLD

THE Sunday School children of Japan are showing in a delightful way their thanks for what other nations did to relieve suffering after the earthquake.

Last spring a hundred thousand of them drew crayon pictures on postcards. All the little artists were between seven and fourteen.

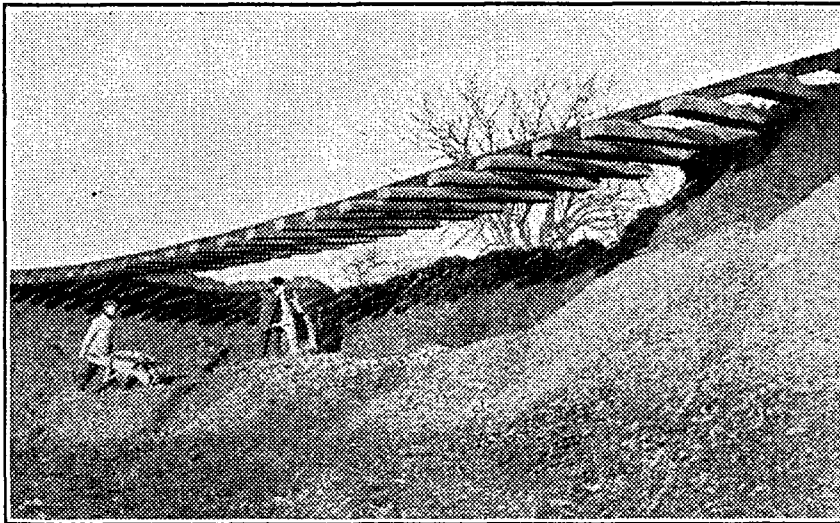
The best of these cards have been collected in a dozen volumes, and the Japanese Sunday Schools have now sent Dr. K. Tsunashima on a world tour to give the albums containing them to representative people in various countries, and to express on their behalf how the millions of Japanese thank the other countries for their help.

One of these albums is being brought to England for the Queen, and another

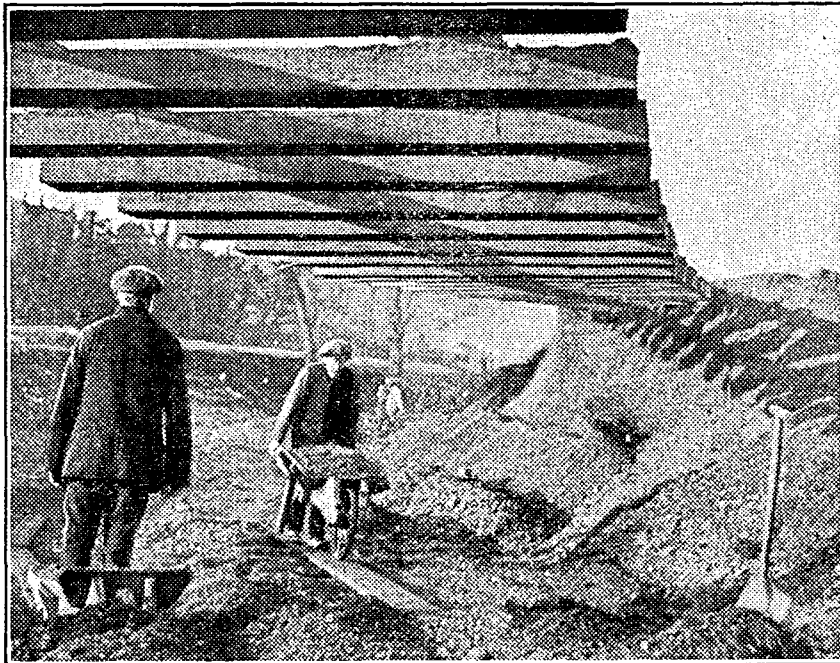
for the Lord Mayor of London. Each book bears an inscription in Japanese and English, which reads: "We, the Sunday School children of Japan, send you our hearty gratitude for your deep sympathy shown at the time of the terrible disaster last autumn," and each card is signed by the little artist.

Dr. Tsunashima is now in America giving the story of those terrible days in Japan, and of the way in which the help in their day of trouble to those who lost their all, even if their lives were preserved, will never be forgotten. He is presenting volumes to Mrs. Coolidge, wife of the President of the United States, to Judge John Barton Payne of the American Red Cross, and to the Federal Council of the Churches in America.

A RAILWAY HANGING IN SPACE



The gap under the railway lines



Men at work under the suspended rails

The results of a flood are not over when the water subsides. On the London, Midland, and Scottish line near Carlisle as a result of the recent floods a landslide occurred, leaving the rails and sleepers suspended in the air, as shown in these pictures. The work of repairing the line needed the efforts of a large gang of men for many hours

BOY DUKE SHUTS UP HIS CASTLE

MANY hearts in the fair county of Sussex are sad today, for the boy Duke of Norfolk has shut up Arundel Castle for five years, and gone to live in Italy until he reaches his majority.

For nigh on a thousand years, Arundel Castle has dominated the fertile plain between the coast of West Sussex and the Downs. It was very different from what it is now when the Norman Conqueror first conferred the gift of these woodlands and meadows upon one of his stout captains. But already in 1243, when it first became the seat of the Fitzalan family, it was a famous landmark and a stronghold that dominated the countryside. It was not until 1580 that Arundel became the property of the Howard family, who own it today, and who gave a queen, the

luckless Catharine Howard, to our King Bluebeard, Henry the Eighth.

It was a Howard, Lord Howard of Effingham, who led the English fleet to victory against the Spanish Armada.

Two years ago, in the lovely woods that lie behind the castle, there was staged a glorious pageant of English history, in which the parts of great men and women of bygone centuries were played by their lineal descendants.

That was a scene that will never be forgotten by the thousands who flocked to witness it, and it is they, as well as the retainers of the family who have now been discharged, who are sad when they think that the grey, venerable castle, so delicate in the blue distances of the downland air, so formidable at close quarters, must be closed.

BOY'S RIDE INTO CIVILISATION

A MOTHER'S WHISPER TO HER SON

Remarkable Life-Story of a Great American

FROM WIGWAM TO SENATE

Senator Charles Curtis, the man who has succeeded the late Mr. Henry Lodge in the leadership of the United States Senate, has had one of the most romantic and interesting careers imaginable.

Born a half-breed, with an English trader for a father and the daughter of an Indian chief for a mother, Curtis lived with the Kaw tribe and spent his days playing with the Indian children until one morning in 1870 a band of Cheyenne braves attacked the camp and threatened it with annihilation. The ten-year-old boy alone among the defenders could speak English, and when darkness came he was dispatched to Topeka to bring troops to the rescue.

Through the Enemy Lines

The lad crept through the enemy lines and got relief to his tribe just in time, but he did not return himself. The town of Topeka was in the heart of the great cattle country, and horse-racing was tremendously popular. Young Curtis was a wonderful rider, and a sudden opportunity to ride in a race was followed by five years of experience as a professional jockey.

At fifteen he became too heavy to follow that career further, and one day he met some of his old tribe. They were overjoyed to see him, and so he returned to the wigwams of the Kaws, looking forward to spending the rest of his life in the free and easy manner of the red men of the plains.

The Path of Duty

But the first night in the old encampment a figure stole into his tent and spoke to him long and earnestly. It was Julie, his mother. She told him that the glories and the opportunities of the white race were immeasurably greater than those of the red. She told him that she loved him and would willingly give anything to have him with her always, but that the path of duty led away from the soft, comfortable life of the Indian brave.

The future leader of the Senate was soon persuaded, and his Spartan mother mounted him on her best horse, turned its head towards civilisation, and bade her son a brave farewell.

Then Curtis devoted his time and his savings to acquiring an elementary education. After a few years his money ran out and he had to get a job driving a cab at nights on the Topeka streets. It was a hard existence, but the spirit of the fighter told. He made friends with a lawyer, borrowed his books, and studied every night as his cab waited in line outside the saloons and theatres. At last he passed the examinations that entitled him to be admitted to the Bar.

A Great Opportunity

He then obtained an apprenticeship in a struggling law firm, and his career was much of the hand-to-mouth order until his chief fell ill while defending an almost hopeless murder case. "Indian Charlie" took up the cudgels and made legal history by presenting a defence so brilliant that the prisoner was acquitted.

From then on it was easy sailing. Curtis was elected to the House and then to the Senate. He became one of America's greatest legislators. He is a worthy successor to Lodge, and in many respects will be much more broad minded.

"Indian Charlie" has never forgotten his early days and is never ashamed to speak of them. His career will go down in history as one of the most remarkable in a country where remarkable careers seem so common.

A ZOO DOCTOR TALKS

WHAT DO CAPTIVE ANIMALS DIE OF?

The Poor Monkey that Passed Away at Its Dinner

CHANGE OF CLIMATE

One of the doctors of the Zoo, Dr. N. S. Lucas, has been lecturing to the Royal Society of Medicine on the diseases of his patients. He began by reminding his fellow doctors that because an animal is a big creature it must not be thought that therefore it can stand against disease any better than one that is quite small and apparently very frail.

It is true, however, that some of the large birds seem to withstand disease better than others. But Dr. Lucas has known a giraffe, apparently well at night, dead the next morning from pneumonia, whereas a little marmoset, one of the monkey tribe, put up a big fight when it was attacked by the same deadly complaint.

Monkeys and Pneumonia

Many of these so-called wild animals have very feeble powers of resistance. Occasionally, for instance, Polar bear cubs are born in the Gardens, but they nearly always die of pneumonia within a week. Some animals die of this disease with astonishing quickness. Dr. Lucas has seen a monkey die of pneumonia while in the act of eating its meal of rice, with some of the rice in its hand, ready to carry it to its mouth.

Another complaint to which animals and bird are subject is what is called pericarditis, an inflammation of the sheath which contains the heart and the great vessels in the chest. Numbers of the creatures under Dr Lucas's care suffer from inflammation of the intestines.

Microbes Turn Traitor

We have all learned that there are in our own bodies and in the bodies of animals many sorts of microbes, some of which, when numerous, mean disease, while others are fortunately harmless. But if we should overeat or eat wrong food and break the laws of health some of the microbes which have hitherto been harmless become our enemies. So it is with the animals in the Gardens.

Nearly all the birds, except those that eat carrion and flesh, fail to get just the food which they would have got had they been living their natural life in the forest, and this means that in time their resistance is lowered, with the result that the little microbes turn traitor and set up inflammation.

Penalty of Changed Conditions

Some people have an idea that many of the Zoo animals die of tuberculosis. This is not the case. Tuberculosis is diminishing in the Gardens, although occasionally there are epidemics of it. The animals most subject to it are the apes and monkeys and the herb-eating animals; while those least subject to it are the cats and wolves, and rats and squirrels. The birds, too, are suffering less from this disease than they used to, and those that have it are almost entirely birds that feed on the ground.

Dr. Lucas says he has never known a visitor to the Gardens infect an animal with any disease, or, on the other hand, an animal infect a visitor.

Animals which come fresh to this country from some brighter climate very commonly die of pneumonia or inflammation of the digestive tract. But many which have been in this country a long time as domestic pets die soon after admission. They cannot stand the changed conditions.

NEW MILESTONES

For the New Roads

Within the next few months the new arterial roads round London will be decorated with a new kind of milestone.

At present, while the old milestones have a dignity of their own, which age and the romantic passage of many a historic stream of traffic lends them, the modern ones are not beautiful, though they have the merit of accuracy, a quality their older neighbours often lack. But neither kind is of much use to the motorist, who travels so fast as a rule that he cannot read what is carved on their narrow surfaces.

All that is to be changed with the opening of the great new roads out of London, which the Ministry of Transport has decided to furnish with milestones indicating the distance to the nearest large town in letters big enough to be read even by the speeding motorist.

SILENT SPEECH

How the Mill Girls Converse

A London police-court was amazed the other day by the ease with which a deaf mute was able to speak and hear, moving soundless lips in answer to the messages he read on the lips of those who spoke to him.

But this feat would not be considered remarkable in Lancashire, for the girls who work in the cotton mills have brought the art of conversing by lip language to a high degree of perfection.

It is impossible to carry on ordinary conversation in the hum and roar of the weaving sheds, but long practice has enabled the girls to converse quite easily across a long room filled with the deafening noise of machinery by watching each other's lips.

Worthy of His Hire

The C.N. warmly agrees with this sentence which has lately won a prize as the best sentence on a Topic of the Day in America:

We, the teachers, deserve a living wage because we are labouring that patriotism may walk unmolested throughout this land, that good government may be fostered, and that education of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the Earth.

A generous wage for teachers has been consistently urged by the Children's Newspaper and the Children's Encyclopedia as the only wise policy for a great nation.

NEW SHIP'S PROPELLER

Saving Coal and Making Speed

How a big liner can increase its speed by two knots and at the same time burn a sixth less coal is a problem solved by a new invention which was successfully tested by the American steamer Norfolk.

Every steam or oil ship loses much power owing to the swirl set up by the ordinary propeller in the water at the stern. The water, churned up by the propeller, can be made far more resistant by means of a second propeller, or six-bladed fan, fixed firmly to the rudder post behind the revolving propeller.

These hindmost fixed blades prevent the swirl of water, and make it more like a solid block against which the propeller that revolves is much more active, and recent trials have shown that a sixth of the coal can be saved and the ship be driven ten per cent. faster.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

There are now 20 women holding seats in the National Parliament of Finland.

Argentina's Government-owned railway is changing from wood to oil as fuel for its locomotives.

All students' fees are to be done away with in Plymouth's technical and secondary schools.

There was a total attendance of 224,651 during the six-day cricket Test Match between England and Australia at Melbourne.

Mr. Asquith an Earl

Mr. Asquith has been made an earl and will be known as the Earl of Oxford, a title which dates back to 1142.

The Organ Pipe

During the singing of a hymn in a Lincolnshire chapel a pipe in the organ fell and injured a lady.

A Day's Fog

A day of fog in London is estimated to have cost the County Council tramways £4000.

A New Glass?

A kind of glass that will not splinter is said to have been produced in Germany by a chemical process.

Honour for a Postman

The King has approved the award of the Imperial Service Medal to William Dutton, a Nottingham postman.

America's Cotton

The 1924 American cotton crop has totalled over 13 million bales, the largest since 1920.

5000 Rabbits in the Nets

Southern Alberta, Canada, is suffering from a plague of rabbits, and one rancher has caught 5000 with wire netting.

No More Rodeo

A welcome witness to the power of humane protest is the fact that there is to be no Rodeo at Wembley this year.

An Old Lake Dwelling Found

Workmen on the shores of Lake Zurich, in Switzerland, have unearthed the remains of a Swiss lake dwelling said to have been built about 7000 years ago.

£400,000 Given Away

Mr. Rockefeller has given £400,000 to the Imperial University Library at Tokio, to replace books lost in the earthquake.

How he Spent a Sovereign

It was stated at a discussion on school diet recently that a boy had spent the whole of a sovereign sent to him on tinned milk.

More Threepenny Bits

Forty bars of silver worth £7500 have arrived in Liverpool from America. They are to be made into 600,000 threepenny pieces.

Discovery by Bulgarian Peasants

A gold vase weighing 390 ounces, and probably made in ancient Persia, has been found by peasants at Vulchidrum, in Bulgaria.

A Million Boxes of Butter

Australia and New Zealand have already sent us over a million boxes of butter this season, about two and a half times the number sent last year.

Miles of Papers

The space required for storing newspapers in the British Museum measured in 1900 over two miles, and this is increasing by 100 yards a year. The Museum has now no more room.

As Long as the Sun Shines

Samoan chiefs, after a recent visit to New Zealand, declared that they wished the British flag might remain in Samoa "as long as the Sun shines on Earth."

Our Biggest Synagogue

The largest British Jewish synagogue is being built at St. John's Wood, at a cost of £46,000, designs having been accepted for a fine building to hold about 14,000 people.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

CHESTER CATHEDRAL AND ITS LITTLE FOLK

Interesting Young People in the Church Services

THE SHY ELDERS

The C.N. was describing the other day the Children's Corner in a parish church; now a correspondent sends us an account of the Children's Corner in Chester Cathedral.

A very beautiful spot it is. It is furnished with a prayer desk, with a prayer on it for the children to say:

Lord Jesus Christ, meek and lowly of heart,
Make my heart like Thy heart,
Now and all the days of my life.

All round are little pictures painted by children themselves, models they have made, pieces of needlework, bright picture-books, spared perhaps at some sacrifice, worked texts or mottoes, and, of course, little offerings of flowers.

All sorts of people have corners in this cathedral, thanks to the sympathetic Dean Bennett; but the Children's Corner is the favourite with visitors.

A regular order of service, which they may take home with them and use, Sundays and school-days, night and morning, is provided for the children, the service paper beginning with the well-known lines:

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

Then there are preparations for prayer, some things to be remembered before one prays, and this is followed by a little order of Morning Prayer, ending with the Lord's Prayer and the Blessing. For mid-day, also, there are set down some things to think about.

The Evening Prayer

The Evening Prayer begins with the Gloria, goes on to a thanksgiving for having been kept safe through the day, and ends with a prayer for guardianship during the night. Then the children are bidden to "try to remember what you have left undone or done wrongly during the day, and to say, 'O God, help me to be sorry, and forgive me all my sins'; and after this they are asked to put in their own words a prayer that God will bless and keep those they love. Next comes a little form of words, beginning, "May Thy holy angels guard me," and finally the children are told to "hop into bed and go off to sleep," saying:

Day by day,
Dear Lord, of Three three things I pray:
To see Thee more clearly,
To love Thee more dearly,
To follow Thee more nearly,
Day by day.

There are other devotions set out for the Children's Corner. From one poem the writer found there we quote two verses:

Whatsoever you find to do,
Do it well, with all your might;
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even lead to heaven;
Trifles make the life of man.
So in all things, great and small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Help the weak if you are strong;
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault when you are wrong;
When you're angry, hold your tongue
In each duty lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely and securely
As a kernel in a nut.

The Dean says he finds that the great value of the Corner is that it inspires the making of home-made gifts by the small people who use it, and that it makes easy and natural for them the habit of saying a prayer.

"It is not small children who are shy about these things," the Dean says; "it is the elders who are so embarrassed and self-conscious."

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The Children's Newspaper

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SUNLIGHT IN DARK PLACES

WHAT RICH MEN DO FOR SLUM CHILDREN

Wonderful Little Place Opened in Westminster

HUMANITY HOUSE

A wonderful little institution has been opened in Westminster through the efforts of business men who believe in the gospel of sunshine and happiness.

It is a clinic where poor slum children, suffering from rickets and other diseases which result from the darkness and foul air of their wretched London homes, may be cured by artificial sunlight and fresh ozone.

Red and ultra-violet rays are applied to the poor little bodies by electric lamps, and the children wear goggles to protect their eyes from the glare. The C.N. went to Humanity House, in Tufton Street, on the day after the opening of the clinic, and found a young mother waiting with her baby for treatment. The baby was 18 months old, and weighed only 14 lb. Sister Andrews, the nurse from St. Thomas's Hospital, who is in charge, told the C.N. that she hoped the poor people of Westminster, Battersea, Lambeth, and other overcrowded districts of London would soon hear of the new treatment, and bring their children to benefit by it. "We can give attention to about 150 a week," she said.

A Wonderful Thing to See

It was a wonderful complication of switches and lamps and coils that the C.N. examined and tested. Ninety thousand of our little ones die every year, 2700 of them from preventable causes. It was a wonderful thing to see this preventive healing at work, and how the light of the Sun and the oxygen were concentrated and dispensed to all who required them. "This clinic," the C.N. was told, "cost a thousand pounds to instal, but it will cure a thousand children of the misery of rickets."

Was ever a thousand pounds better spent? No wonder its founders call it Humanity House, and themselves the British Humane Association. Now they need more money to build more sunlight clinics, for one will not go far among the countless poor of London. "In Westminster alone," said Mr. Edgar Fletcher Allen, the secretary, "there are 3700 'light-starved' families living in two-roomed tenements." In Westminster! Under the shadow of the Mother of Parliaments.

Dr. Levick's Success

And what of the rest of England, of the gloomy manufacturing towns of the North, where the sunshine is rarer even than in London? It is good to know that the British Humane Association hopes to extend its work to them.

At work behind the practical development of the sunlight clinic is the mind of a grand pioneer of medical science. Surgeon-Commander Murray Levick, of St. Thomas's Hospital, who went with Scott as medical officer to the Antarctic, is directing Humanity House. It is Dr. Levick's success with sunlight healing at St. Thomas's that has emboldened the supporters of Humanity House to hope that there will soon be a stream of thankful mothers making the pilgrimage to the little basement clinic in Tufton Street.

THE C.N. MAP

Next week's C.N. map will be reproduced across two pages of the paper, and will be of special value to teachers and scholars, and of great interest to all readers. Order your C.N. now to insure getting a copy.

A MEMORY IN A LITTLE COTTAGE

The Man Who Missed Millions

DAYS OF THE GREAT GOLD RUSH

Living quietly in a little cottage at Beorthing is a man of 83 who might have been worth ten million pounds today but for the turn of Fortune's wheel.

As a boy of 19 he enlisted with Garibaldi's Red Shirts, and marched to Rome in the cause of Italian unity and freedom, as did so many gallant Englishmen. His adventures gave him a taste for a life of movement and novelty, and after recovering from wounds received in battle he came home, and booked a passage for Australia, wondrous tales having come of a gold reef at the top of Mount Morgan, in Queensland.

Mr. Leighton Bailey (for that is his name) was among the first on the spot. "I struck the real stuff," he said the other day, "and if I had staked out the claim I could have bought the whole lot for a halfpenny an acre."

But somebody else got in first. A group of other men, including two brothers named Morgan, from whom the mountain took its name, clubbed together and paid £640 for the claim, sold it again, and it was finally taken over by a company with a capital of a million pounds. In 1890 it was estimated that the claim contained a million tons of rich available ore, worth £20,000,000; and since that time the company has paid ten million pounds in dividends. But not to Mr. Bailey, who is quite happy without it.

WREN'S WORKMEN

A Rule that Might be Copied

It has just been pointed out that when St. Paul's was being built, the use of bad language was never heard among the workmen, although the age in which they lived was noted for its profanities.

The admirable state of things that prevailed among the Cathedral builders was due entirely to Sir Christopher Wren, who was so distressed at the profanity of the day that he placed notices in various parts of St. Paul's stating that "the ungodly custom of swearing so frequently heard, to the dishonour of God and contempt of authority, must be utterly banished from these works," and he added that any workman indulging in such impiety must be subject to instant dismissal.

As an illustration of how greatly this evil and foolish habit of swearing had grown it may be mentioned that Dean Swift, writing seriously, though at the same time under the guise of a jesting proposal, mentioned that a substantial revenue might be raised by systematically fining those who used oaths, and he worked out figures showing that in Ireland alone from "gentlemen" and farmers £116,000 a year might be raised.

LIGHT DRIVES OUT THE GREEN-FLY

Electricity in the Orchard

A discovery has been made that the green-fly (or aphides), which do such immense damage to orchards, can be largely removed by electric light.

The early spring broods of these pests, when there is plenty of light, usually migrate from the trees. When the trees are kept brightly lighted the aphides move on at any time of the year, and do not leave serious traces behind them.

Many orchards are today electrically heated on those parts of the American continent which have immense frosts and spells of very cold weather. These successful experiments, which have been carried out in the State Experimental Station in Tennessee, show that if the fruit trees are lighted as well as warmed they will survive the onslaughts of both frost and insects.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What is Cartridge Paper?

A thick rough drawing paper formerly used in the making of cartridges.

Which is the Largest Continent?

Asia is by far the largest continent, having an area of over 17,250,000 square miles.

What are Invisible Exports?

The gross earnings of our shipping resulting from our carrying trade, and the income from investments abroad.

Who Made the First Typewriter?

A typewriter of a kind was made by an Englishman named Mills in 1714, but the first practical machine was made by Charles Thurber, an Englishman, in 1843.

What is the Size of Venus?

The planet Venus is 7826 miles in diameter and its mass, or weight, compared with that of the Earth, reckoned as one, is 0.82, its volume 0.89, and its surface 0.93.

What Causes a Rainbow?

The Sun's light falling on the drops of rain is broken up by them into the colours of the spectrum and these are reflected back to our eyes.

Are a Denarius and a Penny the Same?

The denarius, translated penny in Matthew xxii, 19, and elsewhere in the New Testament, was a Roman silver coin worth about ninepence of our money.

What was the Iron Age?

A period when iron was used for edged tools and weapons. It occurred at different periods in different parts of the world. The earliest known iron weapon was found in Egypt and dates back to at least 2000 B.C.

What is the Origin of the Expression Hobson's Choice?

Thomas Hobson was an innkeeper at Cambridge in the seventeenth century, who, when anyone wanted to hire a horse, made him take the next one in order in the stable and would not allow him any picking and choosing.

Was Sir Isaac Newton a Jew?

No; he was born in a period when people gave their children Bible names. He was born of English parents in the manor house of Woolsthorpe, near Grantham, on Christmas Day, 1642, and was baptised at Colsterworth Church on the New Year's Day following.

What is the Origin of Church Bells?

It is not known when bells were first introduced into the Christian Church, but it is certain that they were not used till some centuries after the formation of the Church. Their first introduction is variously attributed to Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Italy, about 400, and to Pope Sabinius, the successor of Gregory the Great, about 604.

What is the Difference Between the Hedgehog and the Porcupine?

Except that both are mammals and both have sharp spines covering their bodies, they have nothing in common. The hedgehog is one of the insectivora, or insect-eating mammals, while the porcupine is a rodent, allied to the rats, voles, mice, squirrels, hares, and rabbits, and its food is entirely vegetable, consisting of leaves and roots.

Of What Use is Salt to the Human Body?

Sodium is required in the body for the proper constitution of its fluids and the metal is chiefly taken in the form of sodium chloride, that is common salt. Most people consume about twenty grammes a day, which Dr. Robert Hutchison, the dietetic expert, says is probably at least ten times as much as is really necessary to meet the needs of the body. There is much difference of opinion as to whether much salt helps or hinders digestion.

Was there a Union Jack before 1801?

Yes, when in James the First's time the Crowns of England and Scotland were united the English flag with the cross of St. George and the Scottish flag with the cross of St. Andrew were united and formed the first Union flag. In 1801 the cross of St. Patrick was added, giving the Union Jack as we have it today. With the Children's Pictorial for February 7, price 2d., is given away a free coloured chart in which the whole history of the Union Jack can be followed and the flag made up.

TWO ECLIPSES

NEXT SUNDAY'S DOUBLE EVENT

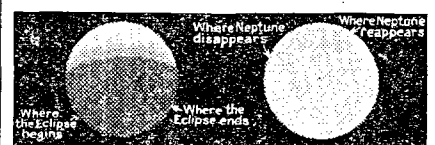
Earth's Shadow Hides the Moon and the Moon Hides Neptune SHUTTING OFF THE SUN'S HEAT

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

On Sunday night, February 8, there is to be a double eclipse. The Moon will be partially eclipsed by the Earth, and soon after midnight the planet Neptune, with his satellite Triton, will in turn be eclipsed by our Moon.

The eclipse of our satellite will begin at 9 minutes past 8; so, a few minutes after, the shadow of our world will be seen beginning to encroach, at the lower left-hand side of the Moon.

The middle of the eclipse will be reached by 9.42, when nearly three-quarters of the Moon's face will be in shadow, but still visible. Only the upper portion will then be in the sunlight. By 11.15 the Moon will



On the left we see the greatest extent of the eclipse, and on the right Neptune's occultation

emerge from the Earth's dark shadow, or umbra, and all that portion of the Moon from which the Sun was totally obscured will again enjoy his rays.

But, for a while, until 8 minutes to 1 o'clock, part of the Sun, as seen from the Moon, will still be obscured by the Earth; in other words, a partial eclipse of the Sun will still be in progress, as observed by the Moon.

A large part of the Moon will therefore suffer from a loss of sunlight, after totality is passed, and this will be perceptible to us as a faint duskiness, more intense near the totally eclipsed portion of the lunar face, and lingering until nearly 1 o'clock. This duskiness is known as the penumbra, and it may also be detected after about an hour before the actual eclipse begins.

The Earth's interception of the sunlight speedily makes a great difference to the Moon's temperature, at her surface, producing a very rapid cooling. This is because there is no water or appreciable atmosphere to retain the heat poured down by the Sun. Consequently the heat, being rapidly radiated away from the Moon's hard and dry surface, the Moon quickly gets cool as soon as it enters the Earth's shadow, decreasing to but a hundredth part of what it was a few minutes before. Moreover, it takes several hours for the lunar surface to get as hot again as it was just before the Earth's shadow covered it.

The Cold of a Lunar Night

From this we learn how terrible must be the cold of a lunar night, when for a fortnight its parched surface is exposed to the intensely frigid conditions of inter-planetary space. Soon after the Moon emerges from her own eclipse she will pass in front of Neptune and Triton; this will occur at 15 minutes past midnight, Neptune vanishing at the point indicated in the picture and reappearing at 11 minutes past 1.

Of course, to observe this event will require a powerful telescope, because Neptune, though he is at about his nearest, and but 2704 million miles away, is of only 7.7 magnitude, which, taking into account the Full Moon's radiance, places him beyond the powers of small telescopes.

It will, however, be interesting to know exactly where Neptune and his solitary moon is, and if precise note be taken of our Moon's position while hiding Neptune, it should be possible to identify the planet later on, on dark and clear moonless nights. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning, Jupiter visible in the south-east, Saturn in the south. In the evening, Mars and Uranus in the south-west.

THE WIZARD OF KANDARA

A Story of Adventure
in Wildest Africa

What Has Happened Before

A brief synopsis of the early chapters appeared in last week's issue.

CHAPTER 11

The Feast of Moloch

FOR the next few days Neil Ranson and Fountain were housed in secret in a suite of rooms in the Royal Palace; and here they were given all the luxuries that the city of Kandara could provide.

Dario, the Captain of the Bodyguard, took the precaution of swearing to secrecy every one of his men, all of whom were quartered in the Palace itself. It was believed, also, that the Palace servants could be trusted; and it seemed improbable, therefore, that the secret could leak out. And all this while Henry Tremayne was held a prisoner in the great Castle built on one of the largest islands in the lake.

During these days the two royal guests had many talks with Dario and Idina. They were all agreed that some attempt should be made to set the prisoner free; but exactly how they were to set about an enterprise so hazardous was not so easy to decide. For it was only possible to approach the Castle in a boat, while the place itself was strongly guarded by the civic soldiers, or militia, all of whom were in favour of Punhri and in open opposition to the Queen.

The Wizard had played his cards with an exceeding cleverness. There can be little doubt that the High Priest aimed at the throne. He had, therefore, caused a rumour to be bruited abroad that the Queen was bewitched, that she had fallen under the evil influence of the White Wizard whom, for that reason, he held a prisoner in the Castle.

Unfortunately, Neil Ranson, disguised as the Queen herself, had been seen by one or two people at dead of night in the city streets. This unheard-of occurrence was soon the common talk of the people, who were rapidly coming round to the belief that the Queen was, indeed, possessed of an evil spirit, and therefore incompetent to rule.

Punhri, in making his plans, had overlooked nothing. While using every effort to bring the Queen under his hypnotic influence, he had caused certain soothsayers to predict in the market-place and at all public meetings that very shortly a great calamity would fall upon the nation, that a dynasty that had survived for centuries would suddenly come to an end.

The laugh was no longer on the side of Dario. It was a very serious, though a wrathful, warrior who conferred nightly with John Fountain and Neil Ranson.

"Every day," said he, "Punhri becomes more powerful. Soon he will take it into his own hands to put to death the White Wizard to whom we owe so much, though by the law of the land no one has the power over life and death but the reigning monarch."

"We will rescue him," said Fountain, "and lose no time about it."

Dario sagely shook his head.

"Were I to attack the Castle with my guards," said he, "I could rescue the captive in less than an hour. But it would mean civil war. Not only the people, but the priests too would be against us."

"Then," said Fountain, "when force of arms can only end in failure, nothing remains but subterfuge."

All this while Idina had remained silent. He now spoke deliberately, with his eyes fixed on the floor.

"If civil war must come," said he, "if every man must take up arms for Punhri or the Queen, let no such calamity fall upon Kandara but as a grave necessity. I have a friend who is in the priesthood, who serves in the Temple of Isis; and from him I have heard that Punhri

Told by Major
Charles Gilson

will shortly revive a cruel and horrible ceremony, which has not been practised among our people for many years. He is about to restore a foreign god who long ago was worshipped in Kandara. The Wizard, as the High Priest of the nation, will announce the Feast of Moloch."

"The god of fire!" exclaimed Neil.

"That is so," said Idina, "though how you should have heard of Moloch I cannot tell. For he is a god who demands a human sacrifice; and if Punhri brings him back into the land, you may depend upon it he will declare to the priests and to the people that Moloch must be appeased for generations of neglect."

John Fountain sprang to his feet.

"I see what you're driving at!" he cried. "The Sorcerer has revived this barbaric custom, as he can think of no other way of getting rid of Tremayne!"

Dario had taken off his golden armour and his helmet, and lay stretched at his full length on a couch. Sprawling upon silken cushions, with his great hairy arms and his scarred and battered face, he resembled a huge gorilla.

"We can make no plans," said he, "until we know exactly what Punhri means to do. Certain it is the clouds are gathering; soon the storm will burst. So far as I am concerned I fear Moloch no more than the Sorcerer himself."

Punhri, having no power to put the prisoner to death or to do him bodily harm as High Priest, had devised this method of accomplishing his ends. And three days afterwards the Feast of Moloch was announced, criers parading the streets, the priests commanding all the people to attend.

Though not for many generations had such a shameful ceremony taken place in Kandara, there were few who did not know the tradition. Moloch had been the savage god of the ancient Carthaginians—from whom no doubt the ancestors of these people had inherited the deity, who was in truth more a devil than a god. But, beyond the fact that a great image of Moloch was to be exhibited in public, and that certain rites would be performed in the Temple of the Sun, Punhri had published no other details of his programme.

CHAPTER 12

The Courage of Zazasis

DARIO and his friends knew well enough that there was trouble ahead. There could be no question that Tremayne was to be brought before the priesthood, and the oracle consulted as to whether or not he should be put to death, to propitiate this dreadful and revengeful god. If the Queen herself, who would attend, forbade the sacrifice to take place, it would seem that she was acting in direct opposition to the gods themselves.

"The situation could not be more grave," said Dario. "Zazasis must go to the Temple of the Sun. She dare not refuse. And as all men are bidden to attend the ceremony, I, also, go with my five hundred guards; and we march through the streets with naked swords."

"If there is to be fighting," said Fountain, "I and my young friend are not inclined to be left out of it. You must disguise us as two of your men, and let us march in the ranks."

"That will be easy enough," said Dario, "though I doubt that either of you can use a sword after the manner of my warriors."

The day of this strange and awful ceremony arrived—a red-letter day in the history of Kandara. The streets were crowded with people who had come forth to behold a spectacle that in bygone times had been the principal event of the year.

The priests marched from the temples in the city, and foregathered in the great central square around the obelisk. And thither, too, came a gigantic and hideous idol, upon a cart with sixteen wooden wheels, drawn by thirty oxen. And then the whole procession, followed by the crowd, made the entire circuit of the city walls, and, passing into the main street by the western gate, advanced towards the Temple of the Sun.

This was a vast, roofless building, not unlike the Colosseum at Rome, capable of accommodating as many as twenty thousand people. In the centre was a vast arena where there were stone monoliths and altars, necessary for the proper worship of the Sun-god; and around this were many tiers of stone seats, like steps, where the multitude might sit to behold the sacred rites.

In the royal enclosure, at the eastern end of the amphitheatre, was Queen Zazasis, attended by her maids-in-waiting, among whom was Didorian. On each side of her were the Royal Bodyguard, with John Fountain and Neil Ranson in the ranks of these sun-burned, seasoned warriors; while immediately before the Queen stood Dario, his great sword drawn, and an expression on his countenance like that of a snarling dog that is prepared to fight all-comers on the slightest provocation.

The High Priest himself stood in the centre of the arena. With cunning and subtlety had he devised this scheme, to deprive Zazasis of what little authority remained to her, before the eyes of the people.

The image of Moloch had been made of painted wood. It had been drawn up before a great slab of black marble, on which were various inscriptions and hieroglyphics.

In this place in former times human sacrifices had been offered to Moloch; but there were few there who knew that this slab was a trap-door, beneath which was a subterranean river which connected with the lake not far away. It was into this that the lifeless bodies of the unfortunate victims had been thrown, after they had been murdered, to propitiate this dreadful and barbaric god.

The ceremony opened with a long oration from the High Priest, in which he declared that a vision had appeared to him, a vision that had also been seen by many of the priesthood. Moloch, the god of their forefathers, had sent a messenger to Earth, demanding to know why the god of Vengeance was no longer worshipped in Kandara.

Moloch was without pity. He was terrible; he was powerful; he was savage. He was strong as a lion, and hungry as a jackal.

Do You Know How the UNION JACK Grew Up?

A Beautiful COLOURED
CHART showing exactly
how the great flag under
which we live grew up
step by step until it be-
came the Union Jack is
GIVEN

FREE

with this week's

CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

Now on Sale 2d.

The god had conveyed to the High Priest a threat. If the people of Kandara continued to ignore him, his vengeance would be terrible; the streets would run with blood, and the city be utterly destroyed.

It behoved them, therefore, once again to worship Moloch, who had declared that he would be satisfied, that he would forget and forgive the neglect of many years, if a white man was sacrificed in his honour.

Thus did Punhri prepare the way for what he meant to do. There was no one there who did not guess what was coming. The Queen was seen to blanch; Dario, to grip his sword more tightly.

Neither Fountain nor Neil could understand a word that was being said; but Fountain was heard to mutter to himself when Henry Tremayne, escorted by the civic guards, was led into the arena.

Neil Ranson gazed at him in astonishment and admiration. He had seen tall men before, but never one so tall as this. Tremayne was over six feet four in height, and, in spite of his great breadth of shoulder, appeared to be even taller. He was fair of complexion, with a great golden beard that was spread upon his bare chest, for he wore no clothes save the skin of a lion that was clasped upon one shoulder.

The ceremony continued, Punhri directing everything according to his plan. He declared that this was the White Wizard, the man who had bewitched the Queen, who had cast a spell upon her; and he made this announcement in front of Zazasis herself, that all the people might see he mocked her.

And then the High Priest, with arms extended, advanced towards the image. He demanded judgment. And the voice of one whom he had hidden within the hollow god answered in the name of Moloch that the white man must surely die.

At this juncture the young Queen could contain herself no longer. Accompanied only by Didorian, she left the royal enclosure, and advanced towards Punhri in the presence of her people.

"This murder I forbid," she cried. "This false god I publicly denounce."

A sound came from the assembled multitude like the gentle escape of steam. The hundreds who were there drew in a deep breath. They were aghast at the courage of Zazasis; and they were all afraid.

"By what right, O Queen," asked Punhri, "do you defy the gods?"

"By the right of my sovereignty," she answered boldly. "It is well known to you, and to everyone, that no one in this land may be put to death without my sanction and my seal."

"Is the Queen of Kandara greater than Moloch?" the High Priest demanded.

"I am Zazasis," she replied.

Punhri turned to the people, and threw out his arms.

"She is bewitched!" he cried. "Are we to be ruled by one in whom there is an evil spirit?"

With her fists clenched, with her arms stiff and straight at her sides, she drew even nearer to the man.

"Thou shalt not do murder here," she cried, "in the name of Moloch or in that of any other heathen god."

And scarcely had the words left her lips than she stood as if transfixed, as if paralysed in every limb.

Punhri's cold and glittering eye was upon her. For a moment he raised his hands and passed them across her face.

She swayed a little, as if about to fall, and then remained quite motionless, as still as a statue, her eyes staring vacantly in front of her.

Once again Punhri flung out his arms towards the people.

"Behold!" he cried. "Judge for yourselves, whether or not Zazasis be bewitched!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Boy Astronomer

A DISTINGUISHED nobleman, whose Christian name was Otto, and who lived in Sweden, then under Danish rule, on his marriage made a curious arrangement with his brother George, who had no children.

It was agreed that the first son born to Otto should be handed over to George, who would adopt and educate him; but when Otto's son came, father and mother were too fond of him to let him go.

George waited for a year, and then when a second son was born to Otto, the uncle stole the first-born nephew and ran off with him. After a time the parents seem to have become reconciled to this, and the boy was brought up in his uncle's home.

He was well cared for, and when only thirteen entered the University of Copenhagen, where his uncle arranged for an education that should fit the youth for a statesman. The boy, however, was only interested in the movements of the heavenly bodies, and when an eclipse of the Sun occurred just when it had been predicted he was greatly excited, and wanted to learn how such a calculation could be worked out.

After about three years in Copenhagen University, the boy was sent to study law in various other universities. But it was the stars that engrossed his attention, and all his money he spent secretly in buying books on astronomy. He also bought and hid a little globe of the heavens.

Before he was 17 he began to work out the positions of the planets for himself, and was surprised to find that the accepted astronomical tables were in many respects wrong. His method of taking the positions of the stars was a very rough and ready one. Opening a pair of compasses, he placed his eye at the hinge and moved the legs of the instrument till one leg pointed at one star and the other at another. In this way he found the number of degrees in the angular distance of the two stars.

At last his uncle died, and he was now free to follow his inclinations. One night when he was 26 he was going home to supper, when looking up he saw a brilliant new star in the constellation of Cassiopeia. He wrote a book on the star, and his fame spread through Europe. The King of Denmark founded an observatory for him, and there he did wonderful work for many years.

Unfortunately he was quarrelsome, and when the king died, he became involved in disputes, and

the new king withdrew his favour. The astronomer then left his country and died in a foreign land. But he has left a name as one of the

greatest astronomers of all time. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





On Winter's Smiling Face Appears a Dream of Spring



D! MERRYMAN

BUT if your car has been stolen why don't you go to the police about it?

"Well, I don't think it's necessary. That car was a third-hand one, and the thief will deserve all he gets."

Transposition

THERE'S a word of two syllables whose meaning implies What all should abstain from who are prudent and wise; The contrast is great, for reversed it will show What all men on Earth are anxious to do.

Answer next week

WHEN are eyes not eyes?

When the wind makes them water.

Seeds and Weeds

THERE was an old lady of Leeds Who swallowed a packet of seeds; And, later, 'tis said, That out of her head Came a crop of remarkable weeds.

Is Your Name Diprose?

DIPROSE is merely a corruption of the French words des préaux, meaning "of the meadows," and was no doubt originally a description of a person's place of work, or favourite locality.

S.P.Q.R.

A LITTLE boy was studying a picture of Roman soldiers when he turned to his father, who was a business man, and asked: "Dad, what do the initials S.P.Q.R. mean on this Roman standard?"

"Well," said Father doubtfully, "possibly they mean Small Profits—Quick Returns."

How do we know that King Henry the Fifth's archers were all artists?

Because they all drew their bows.

A Painting Contest

HERE is a painting contest open to all readers. The Editor will give a first prize of £1 and five other prizes of 2s. 6d. each to the readers who paint this weather picture for February best.

The picture must be pasted on a postcard, and should be addressed to C.N. Painting, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4, and be posted to arrive by February 16. Under the picture write: "In this contest I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final," and add your name and address.

Wise Old Weather Saws—February



If February gives much snow
A fine summer it doth foreshow.

WHY is charity like an umbrella?

Because it is most useful when most widely extended.

A Brainless Man



"A NICE kind man," the Brownie said,
"But what about his brain?
If he had sense he'd surely go Indoors out of the rain!"

One of the Sights

A COUNTRYMAN had just returned from his first visit to London, when he met the vicar of his village.

"Well, George," said the vicar, "tell me what you thought of the metropolis."

"What did you say, sir?" asked the yokel, flustered by such a strange word.

"I asked you how you liked the metropolis."

"Well—er—it wasn't open while I was there," replied George.

Too Realistic

A CERTAIN young man of Nepal Was asked to a fancy-dress ball; But merely for fun He went as a bun, And a dog ate him up in the hall.

Father and Son

A MAN 71 years old has a son who is 34. When was the father three times the age of his son, and when will the son be half his father's age? Solution next week

WHERE could we build a house with the windows in all four walls facing south?
At the North Pole.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Arithmetical Problem

Nine (IX) from six leaves S; ten (X) from nine (IX) leaves I; fifty (L) from forty (XL) leaves X, and you have SIX left.

A Railway Puzzle. 9819

Cross Word Puzzle

ACROSS. 1. Horse. 6. Rat. 8. Of. 10. At. 11. Bit. 12. Ant. 13. In. 15. Ye. 16. Man. 18. Camel.
DOWN. 2. Or. 3. Ran. 4. St. 5. Robin. 7. Otter. 9. Fin. 10. Any. 14. Ram. 16. M.A. 17. N.E.

Jacko Catches a Burglar

MRS. JACKO was terribly afraid of burglars. She nearly jumped out of her skin when she heard somebody moving about downstairs one night after they had all gone to bed.

Mr. Jacko was away on business, so she tip-toed into Adolphus, who was peacefully snoring in bed with his mouth wide open.

Mrs. Jacko shook him violently.

"Wake up! Wake up!" she gasped. "There's somebody in the house!"

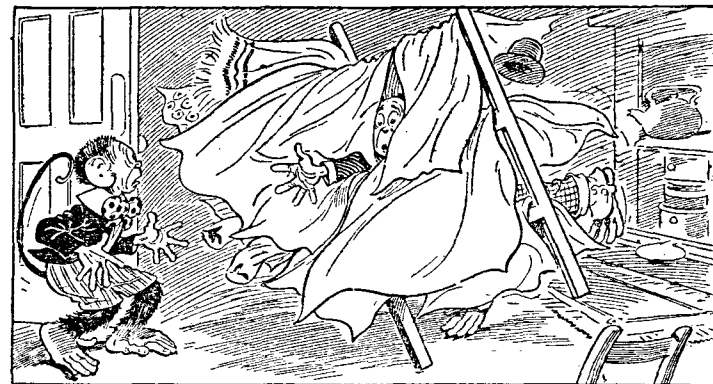
Adolphus opened a sleepy eye.

"Let 'em all come!" he said. And he snuggled down under the bedclothes, and was fast asleep again in two seconds!

Mrs. Jacko was nearly desperate. She shook him again and again, but it didn't seem to make the slightest impression.

Suddenly a little voice piped up from Jacko's bed.

"Leave the burglar to me, Mater," it said. "I'll see to him!"



Down he came, bringing the clothes-horse with him

And in the twinkling of an eye Jacko had hopped out of bed and was half-way across the room.

"I do hope you'll be careful!" said Mrs. Jacko, fearfully. "The burglar may go for you."

"More likely I'll go for him!" said Jacko. "Don't you worry, Mater."

And he crept downstairs, while Mrs. Jacko waited on the landing, "all of a tremble," as she told Belinda the next day.

It was pitch dark downstairs, and Jacko couldn't see a thing. But he could hear the burglar. He was moving about in the kitchen, and Jacko heard a muffled exclamation as he tripped over something.

And just as Jacko tip-toed to the kitchen door there was a sort of scuffle—the burglar had walked into the clothes-horse and got all mixed up with the things that Mrs. Jacko had hung up to dry.

It was Jacko's opportunity. He seized the pepper-pot off the dresser and rushed up to the clothes-horse.

"Take that—and that!" he shouted, sprinkling the pepper all over the burglar.

There was a terrific sneezing and choking, and down came the man on the floor, bringing the clothes-horse with him.

And just at that moment Mrs. Jacko rushed into the room with a candle.

"I know that sneeze!" she cried excitedly. "It's your father!"

And so it was. Poor Mr. Jacko, coming home before he was expected, had had an unexpected welcome.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

The Eagle Eye of the Railway Office

There are two and a half million goods wagons on the railways of the United States, and by an intricate system of organisation track is kept of the whereabouts of all these, so that at almost any hour of the day or night the exact location of any particular wagon can be discovered.

These records are kept in the car-accounting departments of the various railroad companies, and when a train passes off one company's line to another the car-accountant informs the owning company of its arrival. Thus at any time the officials can tell where a car is, and a lost goods wagon is practically unknown in America.

Les Yeux d'Aigle du Bureau des Chemins de Fer

Il y a deux millions et demi de wagons de marchandises sur les chemins de fer des États-Unis, et, au moyen d'un système d'organisation très compliqué il est possible de suivre la marche de chaque wagon, de sorte que, à toute heure du jour ou de la nuit, on sait au juste où il se trouve.

Chaque compagnie à un bureau chargé de tenir compte de ces wagons, et quand un train passe d'un réseau à un autre, le comptable des wagons annonce son arrivée à la compagnie propriétaire. De cette façon, à toute heure, l'administration sait où se trouve tel ou tel wagon, et la perte d'un wagon de marchandises est presque inconnue en Amérique.

Tales Before Bedtime

Johnnie's Car

JOHNNIE had a real motor-car given him. It went by electricity. You pressed a button and the car went. You pressed another button and the car stopped.

Of course, it only went very slowly, but it went, and that was all that mattered. It was just large enough for Johnnie to ride in.

As Johnnie lived in the country and had a big house, he could ride about the grounds, and he would sometimes go to the farm, which was quite near.

Often he would bring back the eggs for his mother, and butter; and once he brought back a live guinea-pig in a basket. That was a very proud day of Johnnie's life, as you may imagine.

"Do you think it would be safe for Johnnie to go to the farm and bring back the patterns I lent to Mrs. Bell?" Johnnie's mother said one day. "He has never been so far; it must be quite three miles."

"Of course!" replied his father. "He can go over the fields."

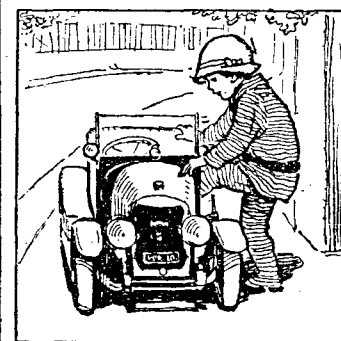
Johnnie was delighted at being trusted, and set out full of joy.

He received the patterns all right, and was bringing them back when all at once, in the loneliest part of the road, his electric battery, the thing that made the car go, gave out!

While he was wondering what to do, along came a big motor-car.

"Want any help?" called out the gentleman who was driving. "Have you had a puncture, or are you out of petrol?"

"Out of petrol," said Johnnie. "At least, my elec-



It was big enough to ride in.

tric battery has run down, and I live two miles away."

"Then I shall have to tow you," said the gentleman. "Jump in!"

So Johnnie got in his little car, and the gentleman tied a long rope from the back of his big car to the front of Johnnie's, and off they went.

They had to go very slowly, but they got home at last, quite safe and sound.

Johnnie says it was a great adventure, and so it was,

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

MOVING THE SNOW WITH A CRANE · STEPHENSON'S ENGINE FOR AMERICA



Egyptian Police in Training—The policemen of Cairo are a fine body of men, trained by British instructors, and these native constables are at their morning drill learning how to keep in order an unruly crowd such as often gathers in the streets of the Egyptian capital



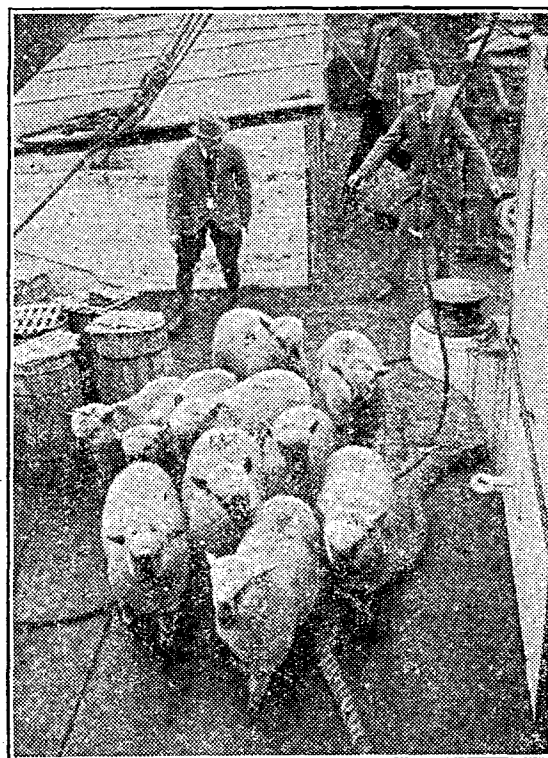
The Snow Bicycle—Three happy maids enjoying a run on their snow bicycles at Mürren, Switzerland. These curious-looking machines, which are quite easy to ride and which skim over the frozen snow at a rapid pace, have become very popular at the Swiss resorts



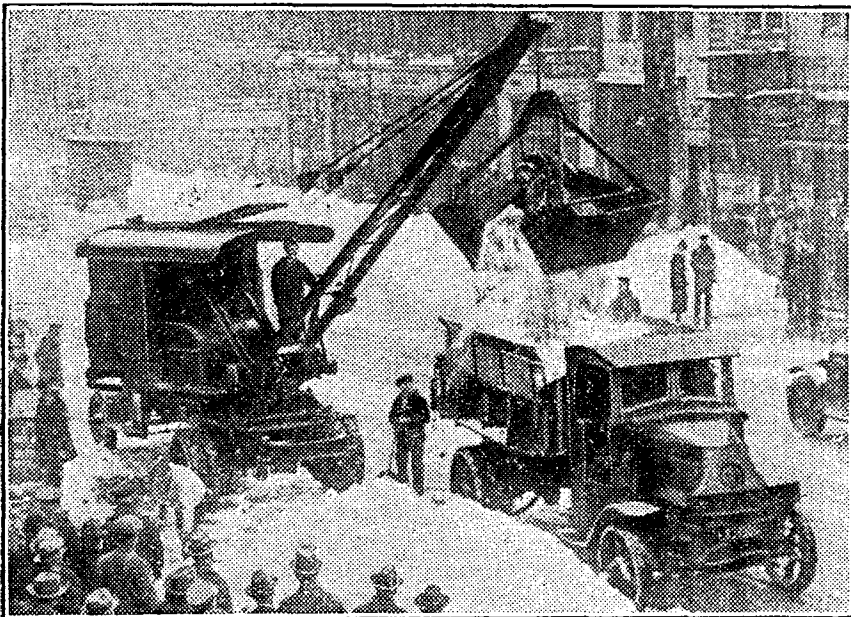
Clever Cavalry Horses—These horses at the cavalry barracks at Lower Weedon in Northamptonshire have been trained by the troopers to do all kinds of clever things, and, as this photograph shows, a very good understanding exists between them and their riders in doing tricks



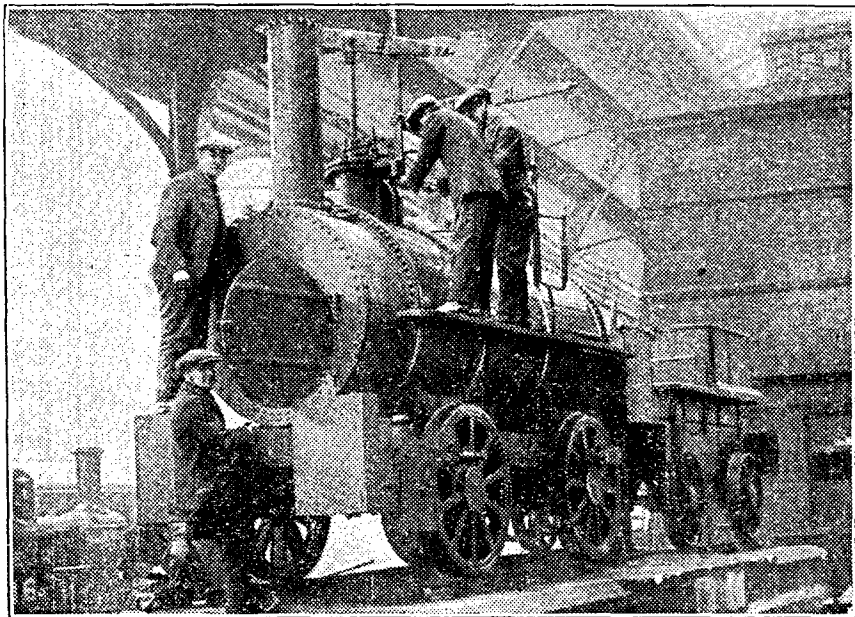
Meal-time at the Horse Hospital—This lady, who lives at the cottage attached to the Marylebone Horse Hospital, London, spends much of her time visiting the sick horses and bringing them tit-bits such as carrots and greenstuff. She is always a very welcome visitor, as the picture shows



Scottish Sheep for Peru—In order to encourage sheep-raising and increase the wool production in Peru, 150 of the finest Scottish sheep and five sheep-dogs have been sent to a Peruvian farm, and here we see three Scottish shepherds who are taking them driving the flock on board ship



Grab Bucket for Lifting the Snow—A snowstorm in New York is an expensive matter, and sometimes 16,000 men are needed to clear the streets. The latest scheme is to use a large grab bucket with a crane and motor-tractor, a very effective method, as shown here



Stephenson's Engine Going to America—One of George Stephenson's engines which has stood for years in Newcastle is to be exhibited in America, and we see it here being prepared for its long journey across the Atlantic. What would Stephenson have thought of this?

FINE COLOUR FOLDER OF THE UNION JACK—SEE THIS WEEK'S CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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